

AN ADDRESS at the Unveiling of the Monument erected by the Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia, to Commemorate the Services of the Corn Exchange Regiment, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, on "Round Top," the place held by the Regiment at the Battle of Gettysburg.

Delivered 8th September, 1884, by
Alexander G. Cattell.

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AT THE
UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT
ERECTED IN HONOR OF
THE CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT,
118th PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.



AN ADDRESS
AT THE
UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT

ERECTED BY
THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE ASSOCIATION
OF PHILADELPHIA,
(LATE CORN EXCHANGE ASSOCIATION,)

TO COMMEMORATE
THE HEROIC SERVICES OF THE CORN EXCHANGE
REGIMENT, 118TH PENN'A VOLUNTEERS.

DELIVERED AT "ROUND TOP," ON THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD,
SEPTEMBER 8, 1884,

BY
ALEXANDER G. CATTELL.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.



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Note.

On Saturday, September 6th, A. D. 1884, the Survivors' Association of the 118th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, accompanied by a large number of the members of the Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia, and a number of invited guests, left the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in a special train of eight cars. Their destination was the town of Gettysburg, and their object was to unveil with fitting ceremonies the monument erected by the Commercial Exchange (formerly the Corn Exchange Association), in honor of the heroes of the 118th Regiment who had lost their lives in the War of the Rebellion. They were accompanied by Company H of the First Regiment of the National Guards of Pennsylvania, as an escort. The party numbered, in all, about three hundred persons.

Gettysburg was reached about nine o'clock in the evening. The next day being Sunday, the afternoon was spent in visiting the battle-field. When the great wave of Southern invasion swept up into our own dear State, it was on this memorable field that it was met by that grand and successful resistance which turned the tide of war in favor of the Federal forces. Pennsylvania soldiers under Pennsylvania generals deserved well of the State that day. Meade and Reynolds are great names which will live with undying fame; but many a soldier lost his life that day, whose patriotism was as earnest and his

courage as great as that of those great commanders, and to-day he lies, perhaps, in a nameless grave.

Many of those who participated in this excursion had been in the thick of the fight, and they recalled how fierce and desperate it was. As they passed over the field, they remembered with saddened hearts, and spoke in subdued tones of the comrades who had lost their lives when the foe came charging upon them with a grim determination to conquer, which would have been irresistible had not our soldiers been fighting on their native soil in defense of their own hearths and homes.

The ceremonies attending the unveiling of the monument took place on Monday, September 8th, on Round Top, and were conducted with commendable promptness and precision. The Rev. R. F. Innes, of St. Mary's Church, in West Philadelphia, made a prayer which was both patriotic and devout. Then Mr. Brice, on behalf of the Commercial Exchange, tersely stated the object of the ceremonies, and introduced the orator of the day, Ex-Senator Cattell, of New Jersey.

Dr. H. T. Peck, formerly adjutant of the 118th, read an account of its actions, recounting its battles and campaigns from Antietam to Appomattox. Then the monument was delivered into the custody of the Gettysburg Monumental Association, and an address of reception was made by Hon. David A. Buehler, president of that association. A salute was fired, the monument was exposed to view, and will stand in future time as a tribute to the courage and devotion of the soldiers of the 118th Regiment and of the loyal public spirit of the Corn Exchange.

After the ceremonies were ended, a return was made to Gettysburg, and from thence to Philadelphia. The party throughout was one of the pleasantest character in every respect; every detail had been carefully planned and carried into execution with military promptness, and all united in expressions of satisfaction.

C. B. McM.

The procession having reached "Round Top," at the appointed hour, eleven o'clock, the chairman called the assembly to order, and introduced the Rev. R. F. Innes, of St. Mary's Church, West Philadelphia, who offered a prayer :

O God, who art the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, the almighty Ruler of nations, we adore and magnify Thy glorious name for all the great things which Thou has done for us, for the civil and religious privileges which we enjoy, and for the multiplied manifestations of Thy favor towards us. Grant that we may show forth our thankfulness for these Thy mercies, by living in reverence of Thy almighty power and dominion, in humble reliance on Thy goodness and mercy, and in holy obedience to Thy righteous laws. Preserve, we beseech Thee, to our country, the blessings of peace ; restore them to nations deprived of them, and secure them to all the people of the earth. May the kingdom of the Prince of Peace come, and, reigning in the hearts and lives of men, unite them in holy fellowship, that so their only strife may be, who shall show forth, with most holy and humble fervor, the praises of Him who hath loved them, and made them kings and priests unto God. We implore Thy blessings on all in authority, that they may have grace, wisdom and understanding, so to discharge their duties as most effectually to promote Thy glory, the interest of true religion and virtue, and the peace, good order and welfare of this State and nation. Continue, O Lord, to prosper our institutions for the promotion of learning, the diffusion of education, and the advancement of Christian truth. Change, we beseech Thee, every evil heart of unbelief, and shed the quickening influences of Thy Holy Spirit on all the people of this land ; save us from the guilt of abusing the blessings of prosperity to luxury and licentiousness, to irreligion and vice, lest we provoke Thee, in just judgment, to visit our offenses with a rod, and our sins with scourges. And while Thy goodness to us, O God of our salvation, leads us to repentance, may we offer ourselves a living sacrifice to Thee, who hast preserved and redeemed us through Jesus Christ our Lord, on whose merits and mediations alone we humbly rely for the forgiveness of our sins and the acceptance of our services, and who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

O Almighty God, the sovereign commander of all the world, in whose hand is power and might which none is able to withstand, we bless and magnify Thy great and glorious name for the victory achieved

at this place. To Thee, O Lord, be all the glory. Be with us to-day in the commemoration of the event. May the remembrance of Thy great mercy awaken in us a hearty desire to serve Thee faithfully all the days of our life. Bless the members of this regiment, whether present or absent. Look down from heaven, O Lord, behold, visit and relieve its first colonel. In thy wisdom Thou hast seen fit to bring distress upon him. Look upon him with the eyes of Thy mercy, comfort him with a sense of Thy goodness, lift up Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace. Visit *all* with Thy rich blessings, grant to those that are still living such good things as Thou seest to be for their good, and to those who have departed this life, with the sign of faith, grant them, O Lord, eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine on them. All which we ask for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The following letter from General U. S. Grant was read :

LONG BRANCH, N. J., August 26, 1884.

HON. A. G. CATTELL.

Dear Sir:—I am just in receipt of your letter of yesterday inviting me to be present at the unveiling of the monument dedicated to the memory of the members of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers who sacrificed their lives in the cause of the Union, to take place the 8th of September, under the auspices of the Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia.

I regret very much that continued lameness will prevent my accepting this invitation. No one more than myself feels it a duty to honor the dead who sacrificed their lives in the cause the 118th did, and no one appreciates more highly the services rendered by the Union soldiers, dead and alive.

Hoping the monument now erected and about to be dedicated may ever serve as a reminder to the descendants of the brave soldiers who fought for the preservation of the Union, the sacredness of the cause for which they risked their lives, I am

Very truly,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

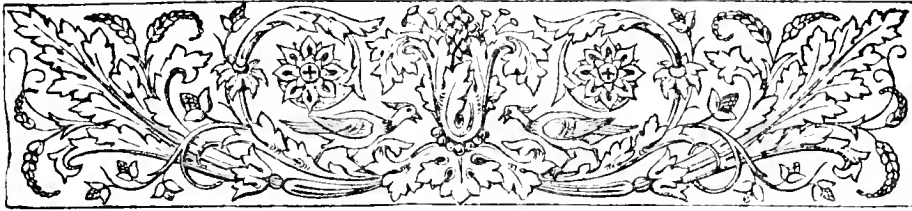
Mr. William Brice, Chairman of the Committee of The Commercial Exchange, which had been charged with the care of erecting the monument, reported the complete fulfillment of the duties assigned them, and said

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

We meet here to-day on this historic field, dedicated to the cause of the Union and of liberty, to perform the sacred duty of dedicating this monument, erected by the Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia in honor of the Corn Exchange Regiment, known in military annals as the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers,—a body of men as noble and heroic, and as well deserving of the honor, as any among the hundreds of thousands who offered up their lives for liberty. It is not my purpose to pronounce an extended eulogy on the grand achievements of this noble body of men ; the orator of the day and the historian of the regiment will do that much better than I can. I will merely add, that, early in 1862,—those dark and gloomy days in our country's history,—the Corn Exchange of Philadelphia appointed a committee of twenty-one to raise, arm, equip, and place in the field, at their own expense, a regiment to do battle for the Union. This was quickly done, and the Corn Exchange Regiment was the result. Of that committee of twenty-one, thirteen have crossed the "bourne from which no traveler returns." The honored chairman of that committee, I am happy to say, still survives, and is here with us to-day,—a gentleman whose patriotism, ardor, and activity in the cause of the Union are so well and widely known. He will be your orator on this occasion. I allude, of course, to the Hon. A. G. Cattell, ex-Senator from New Jersey, whom I have great pleasure in now introducing to you.

Gentlemen,—The Hon. Alexander G. Cattell.





ADDRESS :



WE ARE assembled to-day for a high and holy purpose. The members of the Corn Exchange of Philadelphia, a purely commercial organization, conspicuous for its loyalty in the hour of the Nation's peril, and for its patriotism at all times, are gathered here on this historic and hallowed spot, in the presence of this assembly, to perform their closing act in the great drama, upon which the curtain rose at Sumter, wellnigh a quarter of a century ago.

We come with reverence to unveil and to dedicate, with appropriate and heartfelt ceremonies, the monument which we have erected on this consecrated ground, to perpetuate the memory of the brave soldiers of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, known always as the Corn Exchange Regiment, who died that the Nation might live; and to leave inscribed on the enduring granite, our high appreciation of the gallant

services and heroic virtues, of both the living and the dead, and our grateful recognition of the sacrifice they made for our common country. May I not rightfully claim, that this is a high and holy purpose?

It is fitting, on such an occasion, that he who has been chosen to voice your sentiments and feelings, should briefly and tenderly as he may, recur to some of the early circumstances and incidents in the history of the transaction which has led up to this supreme hour.

In the performance of the duty assigned me, I would not wantonly uncover the skeleton of the Civil War, which twenty years have almost buried from our sight, nor would I needlessly open afresh the wounds that time has nearly healed. But standing on this historic field, whereon the most significant battle of the Rebellion was fought—in view of yonder cemetery, with its thousands of grassy hillocks, each one of which marks the resting-place of a hero slain on this modern Marathon—in the presence of these surviving veterans of the war—with the surging tide of painful memories the place and the occasion invoke, that “will not down at our bidding”—I should be false to the dead and false to the living—false to history and false to the impulse of my own heart, if I failed to speak in earnest words of the righteousness of the cause for which these sleeping heroes fought and died,—or hesitated to denounce in unmeasured terms, the stupendous folly and wickedness of those, who revolted against the most gentle and beneficent government ever vouchsafed by God to man, and raised the parricidal arm to destroy its life

Utterly without excuse—conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity—prosecuted with malignity, and conducted with

cruelty—with the sole object of conserving and perpetuating the infamous system of human slavery, the Rebellion of the Southern States, will stand out on the page of history, for all time, as the darkest crime against God and humanity that the world has ever witnessed. To save this glorious Union, cemented by the blood of our fathers, and to preserve for our children the priceless inheritance of our free government, cost the loyal North the fearful sacrifice of five hundred thousand lives, and four thousand millions of treasure. A magnanimous people, true to their character and instincts, in the hour of victory gave to their enemies such generous terms—both at the surrender and afterward, as were never before accorded to a conquered and prostrate foe. No lives were forfeited—no person imprisoned—no property confiscated—no dollar of indemnity demanded. On the contrary, we welcomed our enemies back to the enjoyment of the blessings of the Union they madly sought to destroy, and many of them are now occupying official positions of trust and honor and profit in the national government. I do not cavil at this. Nay, I rejoice in it. My utterances in private life ever since the close of the war, and my acts and votes in the Senate of the United States during all the period of reconstruction, will justify this statement. But, nevertheless, though we have so largely condoned the grievous offense, and magnanimously tendered the olive-branch to our foes, we are not thereby estopped from our right and duty, on all proper occasions, to make a frank and open declaration of our abhorrence of the crime.

I speak in behalf of the voiceless tenants of these graves—of our thousands of maimed and suffering soldiers—of the

widows and orphans, and the desolate hearthstones, all over the land, when I arraign for condemnation the authors of this cruel war at the bar of public opinion, not only of this land, but of the whole civilized world. And I speak for all lovers of freedom and friends of humanity, when I declare that the Union soldiers, living or dead, who perilled their all for the preservation of the Union, fought in a righteous cause, and that no mortals ever gave their lives for a higher or nobler purpose than the honored dead who sleep within the sacred precincts of yonder enclosure—guarded by the watchful care of a grateful Nation.

“On Fame’s eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead.”

And to this silent camping-ground, surviving comrades and their children and their children’s children—sire and son—matron and maiden, shall come with each returning spring, bearing their garlands of earth’s choicest flowers wherewith to decorate these graves; and in the ages to come, long after these marble monuments shall have crumbled into dust, unnumbered pilgrims, lovers of freedom and friends of humanity, not only of this land but of all lands, shall tread this hallowed ground, and, kneeling beside these graves, gather therefrom inspiration and courage in every conflict for human rights and personal freedom that shall be waged in all the wide, wide world.

Illustrious heroes, hail! and farewell! Peace to their ashes! everlasting honor to their memory!

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 With all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring with dewy fingers cold
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

“ By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

At the outset of these remarks I made the declaration that The Corn Exchange of Philadelphia, now known by the more comprehensive and euphonious, but not the more loved, name, of The Commercial Exchange, was conspicuous for its loyalty in the hour of the Nation's peril. Let a few facts from its history be my warrant for the assertion.

On the morning of April 15, 1861, the members of this body had assembled at their hall, as was their daily custom, to engage in their ordinary business of trade and commerce. The telegraph had flashed along its lines the pregnant fact that on the previous day rebel cannon had opened fire on Fort Sumter, and, despite the gallant defense of Anderson and his little band, the fortress had fallen. In the presence of this appalling announcement, with the impending calamity of civil war, thoughts of trade and commerce were altogether forgotten. The usual hum of busy voices was hushed in silence ; samples of merchandise were left unopened ; and with one accord the members gathered about the rostrum with anxious faces and

troubled hearts. The die was cast—the fatal blow had been struck—the flag had been trailed in the dust; and the Corn Exchange, composed of men of all ages, and all creeds, and all shades of political opinion, recognized its duty, as it was the duty of all true men in this grave emergency, to speak out, and in speaking out to give no uncertain sound. After some expression of patriotic sentiment by various members, one of their number offered a Preamble and Resolution in the following words, which were unanimously adopted.

“WHEREAS, Armed rebellion has raised its hand against the Government of the United States, and is now engaged in infamous outrages upon the honor, integrity and safety of our beloved country; and

“WHEREAS it is the duty of all true men in a crisis like the present to express their devotion to the sacred cause of their country, and their firm determination never to abandon her to her enemies, therefore,

“*Resolved*, That the Corn Exchange Association, in the manifestation of their unreserved and entire sympathy with the administration in this trying hour, and of their earnest desire to do all that men may do in behalf of their country, do now instruct their Room Committee to purchase immediately, and cause to be extended, the insulted but still beloved flag of the United States in front of their building before sunset, and to keep it flying there under all circumstances.”

Both the letter and spirit of this resolution were faithfully kept. Before the sun had sunk behind the western hills, the old flag was waving in the breeze, and there it continued to wave, in sunshine and in storm, through summer's heat and

winter's cold, until its honor was vindicated, and its supremacy and rightful authority were recognized all over the land. In all those long anxious years of conflict which followed, all who passed our hall, walked beneath the shadow of that flag, and caught something of the patriotic impulse which the sight of its graceful folds, recalling its precious memories, always inspires. And I venture to remark, in passing, that the best Confederate regiment that ever stepped to the music of Dixie would not readily have taken that flag down. Following almost immediately on this action, a committee of the body was formed, and a large fund raised to provide for the needy families of the men who had gone to the front. Thousands of dollars were contributed by the members, and wisely expended by the committee in this beneficent work.

A year of conflict passed, with the varying fortunes of war, and, encouraged by some temporary success, the Rebellion had assumed formidable proportions, and was seriously threatening the life of the nation, when, in the summer of 1862, the President issued his memorable call for a large number of additional troops. In response to this call, the Corn Exchange, taking another step forward, determined to recruit, under its auspices, a full regiment that should join in the grand chorus which was swelling up from all parts of the land: "We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

At a meeting of the Association held July 24, 1862, the following action was taken, as appears by the minutes of that day. "Mr. Cattell offered the following:

" 'WHEREAS, Some of the members have taken the preparatory steps toward the organization of a regiment, under

the auspices of this Association, and have indicated for the colonel of said regiment, Captain C. M. Prevost, a gentleman and a soldier; and

“ ‘WHEREAS, The Governor of the Commonwealth has signified his great pleasure in view of our proposed action, therefore be it

“ ‘*Resolved*, That this Association, declaring their undying devotion to the country, and their willingness to bear their full proportion of the duties which now devolve on every good citizen, hereby pledge themselves to give their sympathy aid and co-operation to the prompt formation of a regiment to be commanded by Captain C. M. Prevost.

“ ‘*Resolved*, That to carry out this purpose a committee of twenty-one be appointed by the chairman to collect, by voluntary subscription, the amount of means necessary to organize said regiment, and to consult with and aid in all proper ways the officers that may be selected to put the regiment in fighting trim.

“ ‘*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this meeting, that the duty of the hour requires of all loyal and true men to aid, by their influence, their counsel and means, the prompt enlistment of Pennsylvania's proportion of the new call for troops.’

“ The Preamble and Resolutions, as read, were unanimously adopted.

“ It was also moved by Mr. James, and seconded by Mr. Budd, that the funds in the hands of the treasurer of the Association be contributed to the above object, which was also adopted unanimously.”

In accordance with these Resolutions, a committee of twenty-one was appointed, of which I had the distinguished

honor of being made chairman, charged with the duty of recruiting promptly at least one full regiment of volunteers. The necessary means for the payment of a large special bounty, in addition to that offered by the Government, and for providing unusual equipments, was raised by voluntary contribution. More than one hundred thousand dollars was subscribed and expended for this, and the collateral purpose, of providing for the needy families of the men who composed the regiment.

As was foreshadowed by the Resolution I have read in your hearing, the accomplished gentleman and brave soldier, Captain Charles M. Prevost, who had seen service during McClellan's Peninsular campaign on the staff of General Frank Patterson, was chosen to be our colonel. Under his supervision, aided by the committee, in the incredibly short space of twenty days, a regiment of nine hundred and sixty men was recruited, equipped, and encamped at Camp Union, on the banks of the Schuylkill; and I venture to say that no finer body of undisciplined troops, physically and morally, both men and officers, were ever mustered into the Union service. Of course, the men were recruited from civil life, and were altogether without military education or experience; and it was their officers' hope and expectation, as it was ours, that they would remain for at least a couple of months in camp for discipline and drill. But the exigencies of the war forbade even this, and in a brief fortnight the orders came for their muster into service, and their immediate departure for the seat of war.

I shall never forget that beautiful Sabbath morning on which I visited them in camp for the last time, and joined with our brave men, many of them accompanied by their wives and

children, in attending divine service, conducted by that distinguished patriot and preacher known all over the land—Parson Brownlow. For many of these soldier boys that Sabbath day was the last meeting with their loved ones, until they shall meet them in the eternal Sabbath of the Beyond.

At a late hour of that Sunday night, Colonel Provost was awakened from his slumbers with orders to have his regiment mustered into the service, and at the Baltimore Depot by daylight in the morning. So on the morning of September 1, 1862, in five weeks from the date of the Committee's appointment, this splendid and elegantly equipped regiment was *en route* to join the Army of the Potomac. From that hour the Corn Exchange followed the boys of their adoption throughout their entire service, not only with their prayers and good wishes, but also by frequent visits, on the tented field, of committees bearing to them words of affection and encouragement, and gifts for their comfort. I pause to inquire whether, in the light of these facts, I am not justified in claiming that the Corn Exchange was conspicuous for its loyalty and fidelity to the Union.

Pardon me for a moment's digression, and for any apparent egotism, while I say, that after the regiment had gone to the field, the Committee, kindly recognizing, and overestimating, as I think, my services as chairman, did me the honor to remove the flagstaff around which the regiment had been gathered at Camp Union, and plant it with the most flattering ceremonies on the lawn of my home in New Jersey—unfurling from its lofty peak the full garrison flag that had shaded our boys in camp. There it stands to-day a loved and valued decoration of my grounds, which will link together in grateful

remembrance, while life shall last, the honor and glory of the Corn Exchange Regiment,—and the matchless loyalty of its promoter and patron, the Corn Exchange Association.

A brief history of the heroic deeds and gallant services of this regiment has been prepared by one of their number, and will be read in your hearing to-day. There is, therefore, little need for me to speak in detail of its career. Suffice it to say, that, in less than a fortnight from the breaking of camp, the regiment had joined the Army of the Potomac and was assigned to the First Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps. It was with the army in its pursuit of the enemy at the time of their audacious invasion of Pennsylvania, and on the 20th of September, just twenty days after leaving Philadelphia, was engaged in the battle of Antietam, and on that memorable field shed its first blood. Three days afterward came the terrific slaughter of the never-to-be-forgotten field of Sheppardstown, where our boys received their fearful baptism of fire.

In that brief engagement, which lasted less than thirty minutes, the casualties of the regiment were two hundred and seventy killed, wounded and missing, being more than one-fourth of their entire number, including eleven officers. Where all were so brave, privates as well as officers, it would seem invidious to speak of individuals. But I may mention that among the killed on that fatal day were four as brave and noble young officers as ever trod the field of battle. Captains Rickets and Saunders, Moore and White, who fell while bravely leading their companies, are names that will never be forgotten by their comrades, or their friends, or the association for which I have the honor to speak to-day. Among the

wounded was Colonel Prevost, the severity of whose wound incapacitated him ever after for field duty, save for the brief period when he assumed his command during the Chancellorville campaign; a calamity not only to himself, his family and his regiment, but also to the nation, for otherwise, I am sure, his talents and his bravery would have won for him marked distinction among the conspicuous chieftains of the Union Army.

It has never been satisfactorily explained, perhaps never will be, how it came that this particular regiment, new and undisciplined, that had never been under fire save once, was on that fatal day thrust into the very jaws of death. There was fault—or, to say the least, mistake somewhere.

“Some one had blundered.”

This is neither the time nor the place to enter into the question of who was responsible for this blunder. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the two veteran regiments that had on that eventful day crossed the Potomac with our men at Blackford's ford, were withdrawn without the loss of a single man; while by the unexplained failure to reach them of the order to retreat, the newly recruited 118th were left to encounter, single-handed and alone, the veterans of Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and to fall under the galling fire of three times their own number. It was a sad day for the regiment, and a sad day for the Corn Exchange Association. A single incident will close my allusion to this battle. The 118th, in obedience to their orders, had crossed the Potomac, and passing along a ravine between two abrupt and almost perpendicular hills that skirted the river, had made their way to

the top of the second bluff, when, before even their lines could be formed, the enemy, in superior numbers, with advantage of position, and well in line of battle, opened fire upon them. It was a fearful trial for a new and untried regiment,—and, grasping the situation, the gallant Colonel saw at a glance that the only possible salvation from confusion and disorder was to rally his men by an order to advance. Seizing the colors of the regiment from the hands of the color-bearer, and bearing them aloft, he strode to the front, and gave the order to charge in the face of the murderous fire of the enemy. It was then that he received in his shoulder the Rebel bullet which he carries to this day, and which has brought him many a weary year of suffering—borne with the bravery of a soldier and the fortitude of a Christian.

It was but the other day I had the pleasure of an interview with him, and as I looked into his classic face, and noticed his almost total loss of vision, and saw by his side the crutches upon which he was obliged to depend for support—all the result of that cruel bullet, my eyes were dimmed with tears, and my heart was drawn to him still closer than ever before. He was succeeded in command by good and brave men. First by Colonel Gwyn, who was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, and afterward by my gallant friend, then Colonel now General Herring, who lost a leg at Dabney's Mills, and who, if need be, would peril the other in defense of his country,—men whom we honor and respect; but I know no tinge of jealousy will come to them when I say, that we cling with undying affection to General Prevost as our first colonel and our first love. May God bless him!

In regard to the further services of the 118th I have only

time to add, that from the day of their baptism of fire at Shepardsstown, throughout all the long and arduous years of the war, until the day of Appomattox dawned in resplendent glory on the Union arms, it made a part of the victorious army of the Potomac, and is entitled to a share of its renown. At the battle of Gettysburg, which has made the ground on which we stand, and these surrounding hillsides and valleys, to be forever famous in the history and literature of the world, the regiment reached the vicinity of the town, after a wearisome night's march, at three o'clock in the morning of July 2, 1863; and at 4 P. M., in support of Bigelow's guns, became engaged with Kershaw's Brigade, Hood's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, in advance of the "Wheat Fields;" on the third—and on the fourth, the glorious anniversary of our nation's birth, I speak it with pride, they occupied and held "Round Top," the very spot where we are now assembled, which has been fitly chosen as the location for this monument. Memorable day! Historic spot! Hallowed ground! "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Let me add in a word, that the regiment which we honor to-day participated in thirty-four battles and skirmishes, many of them conspicuous battles of the war; that they bravely endured the hardships of the tented field,—the weary march,—and the fire and smoke and carnage of the battle-field to the end of the conflict, and were present in the closing hours at Appomattox, when General Lee surrendered to the invincible chieftain, General Grant, composing part of the brigade that had the distinguished honor of being detailed to receive the surrendered arms and colors of the enemy.

Near the close of the diary kept by General Herring this brief but significant sentence is found :

“ April 12, 1865. At 5 A. M. moved out to receive the rebel arms and colors, occupied until 1 P. M. 84 battle-flags and 15,000 muskets were laid down in front of our brigade, which had the honor of receiving them.”

The regiment afterwards participated in the final review of the army at Washington, May 23, 1865—the grandest spectacle in the world’s history—a majestic column of citizen soldiers outnumbering the combined forces of Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo, returning from the victorious battle-field, whereon the imperiled life of the Nation was saved by their valor, to receive the welcome plaudits and glad acclaim of a grateful people, there to “beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks,” and enter again into the peaceful pursuits of civil life without even so much as a jar to the machinery of government, or a ripple of disturbance on the placid surface of society. Sublimity of grandeur! Point me to the page of history that records anything approaching a parallel. The regiment was mustered out of the service June 1, following. Of the 960 men originally mustered into the service,—my heart saddens at the statement,—but 139 reported for mustering out. In addition to the original number, there were added to the regiment 456 recruits, making the total of 1,416 men. Of these there were killed and died in the service 205, wounded and disabled 500, missing in action 273. A regiment that numbered 978 among its killed, wounded and missing in battle, out of a total of 1,416, must

often have held the post of danger, which, it has been well said, is the post of honor.

But enough ; I will only add that the members of the Association for which I speak to-day are proud of their connection with the regiment that bore their name, and of the reflected honor which comes to them from its glorious record. At the close of the war the survivors of the regiment deposited with the Corn Exchange, the worn and tattered battle-flag carried at Sheppardstown, and from there to Appomattox, which was afterwards presented by the Association to General Prevost, as its rightful custodian and guardian. In the course of his graceful speech of acceptance, in reply to the presentation remarks of President Hinchman, he did us the honor to say : " It is my duty, as well as pleasure, to say for myself and for my brother officers, that we feel that whatever character we have made as soldiers, whatever distinction we have earned, we are largely indebted to this Association for giving us the opportunity. It was your patriotism and liberality that placed the Corn Exchange Regiment in the field ; and you gentlemen are sharers in the glory it earned. Nor did your liberality end here. Your donations were placed in the hands of such devoted men as Hoffman, Ward, Knecht, Hartranft, and others who were untiring in their devotion to the wounded and dying, and smoothed the path of many a brave fellow to the grave ; and widows and orphans have reason to bless the Corn Exchange Association for your liberal donations dispensed by these gentlemen."

In the course of a long and busy life, now drawing to its close, I have been honored by my friends and countrymen with positions of distinction and honor, for which I am pro-

foundly grateful ; but I do not hesitate to say here and now, that I am prouder of my long connection with the Corn Exchange Association, because of its unwavering devotion to the country in its hour of peril, and its broad and comprehensive charities then, and at all times, than of any other association of my life. May it ever maintain its exalted reputation for these sublime virtues.

I have already intimated, that while speaking, as it seems necessary on this occasion, of the wickedness of the Rebellion, I have no desire to revive the bitterness born of the conflict. I would "let the dead past bury its dead"—but there is one root of discord remaining of which I needs must speak. There is still a skeleton in the national closet that must be removed, before the work for which we sacrificed a half a million of lives will be fully accomplished.

I have spoken of the generous terms accorded to the conquered South; they are known and read of all men. When the question of the re-habilitation of the rebellious States was discussed and determined upon by Congress, they were invited back to their normal condition of States in the Union, with the one single new condition that the freedom and manhood and citizenship and civil rights of the colored race, as provided for by the constitutional amendments, should be recognized, accorded and fairly carried out. This was a condition precedent to their resuming and enjoying their former rights and privileges of States in the Union, which had been forfeited by rebellion, and to this proposition every southern State by formal and solemn compact agreed. It was in the nature of a treaty stipulation, and I arraign the boasted chivalry of the South as recreant and unfaithful to their part of this solemn

and well-understood contract. The shot-gun policy of the South is matter of public notoriety. I do not claim that this is universal, I frankly and gladly admit that it is not. But the terrible scenes of Copiah and Danville are still altogether too common to be borne in patience. The fact is established beyond dispute, that in many localities the colored race are virtually deprived of their constitutional right of suffrage, by intimidation and violence—and the people of the South may be assured, that the liberty-loving men of the nation, friends of fair play and equal rights, will never be content until the full rights of all citizens, “without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,” are recognized and accorded—and that in electing our rulers, there shall be as free a ballot and as fair a count in South Carolina and Mississippi, as there is in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. I speak it in no partisan spirit, but as a lover of my country, desiring concord and harmony, when I say that, however much this may be resisted and however long delayed to the damage of the honor, and the detriment of the material interest of the South, “to this complexion they must come at last”—peaceably if they will,—forcibly if we must.

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.” God grant that the gentle goddess may preside over the solution of this menacing problem, evolving harmony out of the discordant notes that now fill the air, by the removal of this, the only remaining obstacle to the return of fraternal relations throughout the length and breadth of the land. When that glad day shall dawn, then in all coming time, whatever complications may arise or whatever dangers threaten to disturb the tranquillity of the nation, we may trust-

ingly say, in the words which Bulwer puts in the mouth of the old Cardinal Richelieu :

“Take away the sword,
States can be saved without it.
Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.”

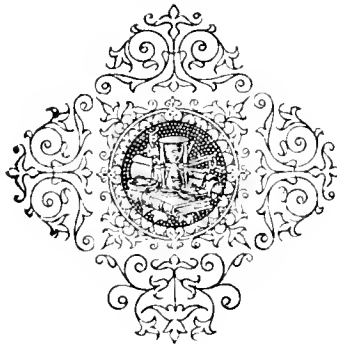
And now, friends and fellow-citizens, let the purpose for which we have assembled be accomplished—let the veil be lifted from the monument, and as your eyes rest upon its graceful lines, and you read the inscription which tells its meaning and its purpose, let it kindle anew your grateful remembrance of the heroic dead, and your high appreciation of the work which they and their comrades accomplished.

And here and now, on this sacred ground, gathering inspiration from the scene and the occasion, and the memories they invoke, let us renew our vows of fidelity to the principles of free government—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—and catching the spirit of the martyred Lincoln, “the noblest Roman of them all,” join in the memorable and classic words uttered by him at the consecration of this national cemetery : “That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain ; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

With faith in God and trust in the virtue and intelligence of the people, believing in the onward and upward progress

of humanity, let us cherish high hopes of the stability of our free institutions and the future glory of our country, and, casting to the winds all doubts and fears,

“ Believe with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it shall stand, until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.”



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